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THE  
FABLE of *JOTHAM*:  
TO THE  
BOROUGH - HUNTERS.

*Jotham's* Fable of the Trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that Time.

ADDISON.

*By R. Owen Cambridge*



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in *Pall-mall*;

And sold by M. COOPER, at the Globe in *Pater-noster-Row*, 1754.

[ Price Six-pence. ]

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## BOROUGH - HUNTERS.

The Table of Contents is the oldest that is extant, and as  
it is the only one which has been printed since the  
first edition.



Printed by R. and J. Boscawen in Pall Mall.

And by W. Woodcock, at the Glass and Paper Warehouse, No. 17, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.





# JOTHAM'S FABLE.

JUDGES, Chap. ix. v. 8.



OLD *Plumb*, who tho' blest in his *Kentish* retreat,  
Still thrives by his Oilshop in *Leadenhall-street*,  
With a *Portugal* Merchant, a Knight by Creation,  
From a Borough in *Cornwall* receiv'd Invitation.

Well-

Well-assured of each Vote, well equip't from the Alley,  
In quest of Election-Adventures they fally.

Tho' much they discours'd, the long way to beguile,  
Of the Earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the  
Of the Irish, the Stocks, and the Lott'ry Committee,<sup>Stile,</sup>  
They came silent and tired into *Exeter* City.

“Some Books, prithee Landlord, to pass a dull Hour;  
‘No Nonsense of Parsons, or Methodists four,  
‘No Poetical stuff----a damn'd jingle of Rhimes,  
‘But some Pamphlet that's new, and a touch on the  
‘O Lord! says mine Host, you may hunt the <sup>Times</sup> Town  
‘I question if any such thing can be found :  
‘I never was ask'd for a Book by a Guest ;  
‘And I'm sure I have all the great Folk in the *West*.  
‘None of these to my Knowledge e'er call'd for a Book;  
‘But see Sir, the Woman with Fish, and the Cook ;  
‘Here's the fattest of Carp, shall we dress you a brace?  
‘Would you chuse any Soals, or a Mullet, or Plaice’?

‘A



‘ A *Place*, quoth the Knight, we must have to be sure,  
 ‘ But first let us see that our Borough’s secure.  
 ‘ We’ll talk of the *Place* when we’ve settled the Poll :  
 ‘ They may dress us for Supper the Mullet and Soal.  
 ‘ But do you, my good Landlord, look over your Shelves,  
 ‘ For a Book we must have, we’re so tired of ourselves’.

‘ In troth, Sir, I ne’er had a Book in my Life,  
 ‘ But the Prayer Book and Bible I bought for my Wife’.

‘ Well ! the Bible must do ; but why don’t you take in  
 ‘ Some monthly Collection ? the New Magazine ?’

The Bible was brought and laid out on the Table,  
 And open’d at *Jotham*’s most apposite Fable ;  
 The Tale of the Trees. This chim’d in with their bent :  
 And *Plumb* look’t for an hint for his Planting in *Kent*.

Sir *Freeport* began with this Verse, tho’ no Rhime---  
 ‘ The Trees of the Forest went forth on a Time,  
 (To what purpose our Candidates scarce could expect,  
 For it was not, they found, to transplant---but ELECT)

‘ To

‘ To the Olive and Fig-tree their Deputies came,  
 ‘ But by both were refus’d, and their answer the same :  
 ‘ Quoth the Olive, Shall I leave my Fatness and Oil  
 ‘ For an unthankful Office, a dignified Toil ?  
 ‘ Shall I leave, quoth the Fig-tree, my Sweetness and  
 Fruit,  
 ‘ To be envy’d, or slav’d in so vain a Pursuit ?  
 ‘ Thus rebuff’d and surpriz’d they apply’d to the Vine.  
 ‘ He answer’d : Shall I leave my Grapes and my Wine ?  
 ‘ (Wine the sovereign Cordial of God and of Man)  
 ‘ To be made or the Tool or the Head of a Clan ?  
 ‘ Then it hap’d, as it always falls out in a scramble,  
 ‘ That the Mob gave the cry for a Bramble ! a Bramble !  
 ‘ A Bramble for ever ! O ! Chance unexpected !  
 ‘ But Bramble prevail’d and was duly elected’.  
 ‘ O ! ho ! quoth the Knight with a Look most profound,  
 ‘ Now I see there’s some good *in good Books* to be found.  
 ‘ I wish I had read this same Bible before :  
 ‘ Of long Miles at the least ’twould have sav’d us four-  
 score.  
 ‘ You,



- ‘ You, *Plumb*, with your Olives and Oil might have staid,  
 ‘ And my self might have tarried my Wines to unlade.  
 ‘ What have Merchants to do from their Business to  
 ‘ Your Electioneer-Errant should still be a Bramble’<sup>ramble!</sup>

Thus ended at once the wise Comment on *Fotham*,  
 And our Citizens’ Jaunt to the Borough of *Gotham*.

F I N I S.



( 7 )

• You, Black, with your Obedience to the  
• And my self might have been my Wives to make  
• What have I done to do from their hands to  
• Your Election I want should still be a Principle  
Thus ended at once the wife Government on  
And our Citizens I want to the Borough of Gains

W I V I S

